

VOLUME ONE NUMBER FOUR

DECEMBER 16, 1969

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

harry



**'BLESSED ARE THE
PEACEMAKERS'**

Letters

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Dear HARRY:

Over the past several years America has been troubled by the use of marijuana by many of it's citizens. A recent article in *Life Magazine* said that 12 million people had used it. Bullshit! The number of steady users is probably around 12 million. Off and on users, plus one time users added to the steady users would probably put the actual number up to around 40 million. All the polls by big magazines have by-passed a large segment of the marijuana smoking population. In the ghettos, colored kids smoke all the time, and elsewhere the very young teenage whites have many heads in their ranks. These two groups were widely neglected by pollsters, but they constitute a large portion of the head population. All this considered, it must be discovered why a lot of people smoke. Several reasons are: to feel good, ease tensions, heighten sensual pleasure (such as rock concerts, or when you're balling), and to increase your creative ability. All of these are good reasons to smoke, and I've never heard a good one not to. People argue it leads to hard drug use, but if people didn't have to go to pushers and connections to get pot, then they wouldn't know where to get acid or smash. Also if you legalize it, government safety standards would prevent its being mixed with other drugs and guarantee its quality. The department of HEW argues they don't know about its health hazards. Look at the people who have been smoking for years and see if they have high birth defect rates, chromosome damage, or any other diseases caused by marijuana. They don't and never will because those charges are utterly false. Cigarettes and alcohol are proven dangerous to health yet they remain on the open market. Pot is at the worst non-harmful, and yet it is still illegal. Thousands of good people have had their lives ruined by busts, and I say it is time to correct this injustice. A very wise man wrote in the declaration of the rights of man that "Liberty consists in the power to do anything that doesn't injure others." Isn't this the land of liberty?

love,
to HARRY

P.S. I hope you print this cause I read your paper all the time.

HIGH DO YOU DO

JIM, NATALIE, DALE, BERNE, JOSH, LENNY, ELLIOT, ART, STEVE, LY, GLENN, RICK, JOHN, SHERRY, ALLEN, MIKE, MIKE, MIKE, ROSEMARY, JESUS.

WE GOT HARRY AT OUR HOUSE, AND BRIGHTER LIGHTS.

FLY LIKE BUTTERS

VENDORS

Next issue of HARRY will appear on Friday, January the 2nd.

Harry—who else?

Yes, Virginia, there really is a Baltimore. Harry might be the one to get its shit together. There are some beautiful heads—if they would only unite! It's much easier to fight (non-violently, of course) "the man" collectively. I see hope through Harry.

The dime is for Harry. Maybe he will have better luck copping than I—Damn heat in December.

I don't think I qualify as a freak yet—the reason for my not volunteering for anything, but as I think—I'll write.

Love Sex Dope
in with for
man man man

Thank-you for the dime and the letter.
As far as I'm concerned you're freaky enough for me. Love to hear from you.

Rick (of Va.)
Harry

FOR ALL THE TEAR GAS, I CAN
HARDLY SEE THE MONUMENT!!!



Michael Weiss, one of the fathers and sons of HARRY, is no longer a member of our regular staff.

Having reached our compulsory retirement age of 27, Mr. Weiss has left town to live in the woods in Monticello, New York. He has taken along Berne, Josh, Gus, and the office copy of *Revolution for the Hell of It*.

We hope to receive occasional stories from him, including periodic reports on milk production at Max Yasgur's farm.

We still need volunteer reporters, photographers, typists, artists, etc. Freaks only need apply.

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ASTROLOGICAL PREJUDICE

RUSSIAN ROULETTE AMERICAN STYLE

by BOB CLARK

What are the implications of the new draft lottery? Not even the Selective Service seems clear how it will work in practice and it has deferred any inquiries. A State Directors' briefing on December 10 gave some understanding of the new system; but it will be quite another story what the 4000-odd volunteer, local draft boards will do with the complex system, considering their present misunderstanding of the laws and regulations governing their duties. The local board clerks are going to have an infinitely more difficult time file-keeping and calling registrants for induction in the proper order. For Selective Service, the problems are just beginning; but for about half the young men presently eligible, the government has predicted that their problems are over. However, on network television news, December 11th, National Selective Service conceded a real possibility that the entire lottery pool may be exhausted by the end of the year; that is, that all the 1-A's and 1-A-O's between the ages of 19 and 26 who are available for induction during 1970 may be called up - all 366 days, and this without a change in the political situation. This makes the administration estimate that the third of the eligible group with the highest numbers would be safe from the draft add up to either miscalculation or a lie. The possibility of exhausting the whole lottery pool in 1970 most likely stems from, first, a poorly conceived random selection system, as indicated in the writing of the administration's regulations; second, the inefficient Selective Service clerical procedures; and third, the lack of foresight by the Pentagon in projecting draft and enlistment manpower needs.

The possibility that all 1-A available men will be drafted during 1970 makes any explanation of the order of selection or "numbers game" seem a little irrelevant. While winning in the "numbers game" may be impossible, one can always protest the fact of conscription. Suffice to say, keeping out of the game by getting or keeping a deferment until one is over age is the safest way to avoid being drafted. Even though deferments, like the one for students, involves an extended liability until age 35, this is a paper liability, where one would only be likely to be called up in time of national emergency. Therefore, until the operation of the new lottery is thoroughly understood, the best advice is to seek deferment out of the pool of available, 1-A, men. In 1971, the machinery may work more in accord with government predictions, when the government comprehends the implications of its own lottery system.

For those that are anxious about the order of selection for 1970 and subsequent years, the following case studies will give you my present understanding of what the regulations mean. But first some definition of Selective Service terms and procedures.

To have a lottery number one must be 19 years of age before January 1st. For 1970, every male between the age of 19 and 26 has been assigned a lottery number, nationally. For 1971 and thereafter, those turning 19 before January 1st will be assigned a number preceding the beginning of that year. This lottery number is yours for as long as one is eligible for the draft under the law. To be available to be inducted, one must be classified 1-A or 1-A-O and not in the process of appeal, and have been found physically acceptable at least three weeks before the scheduled date of induction, unless one is delinquent or volunteers. Men will only be randomly selected from the 1-A or 1-A-O available group, not from any deferred classification.

In Maryland and some other states, the available men will be placed in a statewide pool; and each month, men will be chosen according to their assigned numbers in sequence. In January, they would start with 1, and perhaps go through 200 if there were few men with lower numbers; in February, they would start with 1 and go through 220. Each month men will lose deferments and become available, unless again deferred, for the remainder of the calendar year, until next January 1st. After one year, or the remainder of a year without a deferment, if one is not called during any month, then one is placed in lower priority groups within the lottery manpower pool where one would be less and less likely to be called in subsequent years.

CASE STUDIES

Case 1:

You are 20 years old with a low number and are 1-A available. It is likely that you would be drafted in early 1970.

Case 2:

You are 20 years old with a low number and you are deferred as a student until June, 1970; thereafter, you are reclassified 1-A and are found physically acceptable and available in September. You would probably be drafted the next month.

Case 3:

You are 20 years old with a high number and you are deferred as a student until June, 1970; thereafter you are reclassified 1-A and are found physically acceptable and available in September. You would be eligible to be taken until

January 1, 1971; and if your number was not reached, you would be placed in a lower priority lottery pool in 1971 and thereafter.

Case 4:

You are 20 years old with a low number and you are deferred as a student until June, 1971; thereafter, you are reclassified 1-A and are found physically acceptable and available. Your number is placed with the vulnerable 19 year olds of that year who have the same number in the first priority group and it is likely that you would be drafted in the month following your availability. Or if your number was high, you would be placed in the vulnerable first priority group and take a chance each month for the remainder of 1971; after which you would go into lower priority groupings which would probably not be called up except in case of national emergency.

Case 5:

You are 20 years old with a medium number (200) and 1-A available. You get an occupational deferment in July of 1970, before your number is reached. If you lose your deferment before you are 26 years old, you would re-enter the primary priority group with your number and you would then take your chances along with the 19 year olds for each month during the remainder of the calendar year in which you lost your deferment; after which you would be placed into lower priority groupings.

There are many variations and other distinctly different cases, but this should give you some ideas of the Lottery's probable operation. However, a caution, Selective Service may choose a different interpretation of the Regulations. The only way to be sure is to wait and see what is happening in practice; then consult a draft counselor to interpret what

those practices mean for you. The lottery, in the long run, may be a hoax—a boon neither to the draftee nor the government; but for the present, it is simply a "white elephant" from President Nixon to you for Christmas.

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	675 - 5218
	669 - 5695

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Eastern District	732 - 7110
Western District	837 - 2710

Curtis Bay	
Curtis Bay	355 - 1338
Druid District	728 - 0600
Southeastern District	324 - 5200
Southern District	727 - 3471
Peace Action Center	889 - 0065

Friends Service Committee	
Draft counselling	467 - 9100
Baltimore Transit	539 - 5000
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Gov't Initiates Panther Pogrom

New York (LNS) — In a bald attempt at extinction of the Black Panther Party, the government is waging a nation-wide offensive with an arsenal of frame-ups, no bail, kangaroo courts whose judges conduct half the prosecution, and just plain bullets.

Within the past six months alone, more than 40 Panther leaders and about 125 members have been arrested, and many are facing charges which could lead to life imprisonment or death. In the few years the Party has been around, 28 Black Panthers have been murdered, Panther offices in a number of cities have been attacked by police, who sometimes rain automatic rifle fire at the walls and windows as they storm the steps. (They bring warrants for "fugitives," non-existent or miles away.) Hidden assailants have shot at Panthers on the streets of Kansas City twice this fall.

Chicago is turning in some of the ugliest news. In the week which ended with the pre-dawn slaying of Illinois Panther leader Fred Hampton, police shot two Panthers on the street and severely beat three others in a Chicago apartment. The week's toll: three dead and two critically wounded. Other cities also report new developments in the governments' attempt to wipe out the Panther organization.

Party Chairman Bobby Seale, recently sentenced to four years in jail for demanding his right to representation by a lawyer of his own choice in Judge Hoffman's Chicago courtroom, is now in San Francisco County Jail in the "hole" — a cold 4x7 foot cell — where he was thrown Nov. 24 after the police brutally choked and tortured him.

Seale described his ordeal the next day in a taped interview with his lawyer, Charles Garry:

"One of them grabbed my testicles while the other was choking me, and the others were holding my arms, trying to put handcuffs on me. He grabbed and yanked my testicles and penis. And the choking was so vicious that the only thing I remember after that was I was thrown on the floor inside the solitary confinement cell."

The incident began when a guard found the Black Panther newspaper in Seale's possession — the guard told Seale his visiting privileges would be eliminated as punishment for holding such "contraband."

Charles Garry had given Seale the paper with the permission of the deputy sheriff. Chairman Bobby was preparing materials to aid Garry in defending him against the extradition proceedings which may take him to Connecticut to face a trumped-up murder charge, and Seale needed the Black Panther paper to write out an outline explaining some of the statements the Party had made.

Seale told the guard that he (Seale) had a right to the paper and said, "Since you're violating my rights, then I just see you as a pig. You're a pig a hundred times."

For saying that, the deputy sheriffs decided to put Seale in the hole for 10 to 15 days. Seale said that he would go to the hole, but that he would take his legal papers with him. At that point the guards jumped and beat him.

In his taped remarks, Seale described conditions suffered his first day in the hole:

"Every hour and a half," he said, "the toilet would flush up, flooding the floor with defecation and piss. It's not really a toilet, just a hole in the floor."

"I had to lie in it all day. You lie on the floor, it's kind of like a rubber-padded cell but it's cold, there's no cot, no blank-

et, just floor and piss and defecation."

Seale told Garry his throat was tremendously swollen from the choking. "I can't hardly hear or talk," he said. He added, "I'm slightly ruptured, and the infection I had in Chicago is coming back."

While Bobby Seale was lying on the slimy floor of his maximum-security isolation cell, agents of the Presidential police force — the Secret Service — arrested David Hilliard, the Panther Party's national Chief of Staff, on Dec. 3 in downtown San Francisco for remarks he made during a November 15 rally against the war at Golden Gate Park.

At the rally, Hilliard denounced the facism of American society and the viciousness of its attacks on the Black Panther Party. By the end of the speech Hilliard made no attempt to conceal his anger:

"We say down with the American fascist society. Later for Richard Milhaus Nixon, the motherfucker. Later for all the pigs of the power structure." The crowd reacted nervously to Hilliard's strong language, and he answered them, "Later for all the people out here that don't want to hear me curse because that's all that I know how to do. That's all that I'm going to do. I'm not ever going to stop cursing."

"Not only are we going to curse, we're going to put into practice some of the shit that we talk about. Because Richard Nixon is an evil man. This is the motherfucker that unleashed the counter-insurgent teams upon the Black Panther Party. This is the man that's responsible for all the attacks on the Black Panther Party nationally."

"Fuck that motherfucking man. We will kill Richard Nixon. We will kill any motherfucker that stands in the way of our freedom. We ain't here for no god-damned peace, because this country was built on war. And if you want peace you got to fight for it."

So happens there's a very vague law in direct defiance of the First Amendment which prohibits anyone from saying what Hilliard said that day. Put in any name but the President's and it's quite within the law, but since "Richard Nixon" is what he said, Hilliard is now being held on \$30,000 bail which the court ruled must be posted only in the form of cash or property. Charles Garry, the Panther's top attorney, termed it "ransom," but it is hardly a new phenomenon for Panthers to get bails designed to be unpayable.

A few days ago, the FBI detained several top-ranking Panthers at John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York City. The Panthers, including Field Marshall Don (DC) Cox and Minister of Culture Emory Douglas, were en route to Algiers to visit exiled Minister of Information Eldridge Cleaver. The FBI obtained the Panther's luggage — which had already been checked with Air France — and illegally seized materials destined for Eldridge. The Panthers eventually were able to make their journey, but the FBI kept the materials. All the Panthers could do was file a protest with Air France.

Meanwhile, developments in the New Haven Panther 14 case have confirmed the Panthers' allegations that George Sams, an ex-Panther whose testimony is responsible for their arrest in the first place is nothing more than a police agent. George Sams and Loretta Luckes cooperated with the police Dec. 1 and pleaded guilty to charges arising out of the murder of Black Panther Alex Rackley last May. Sams is quite a fellow — he has told the police and will tell the court that Party Chairman Bobby Seale personally ordered Rackley's death.

The Panthers say Rackley was and will

always be known as a member in good standing of the party killed by police and police agents. Panthers from New York, New Haven and Berkeley who know Sams describe him as a "madman." He was expelled from the party by the Central Committee last year when it was found he had stabbed a brother, and rumors connected him with the raping of sisters in Chicago. Chairman Seale was persuaded to let Sams back into the party by Stokeley Carmichael.

Many Panthers now doubt whether Sams ever fled to Canada or was captured there after the Rackley slaying, as the police claim. They believe he was probably with the police all along and that his "disappearance" was used as an excuse for the

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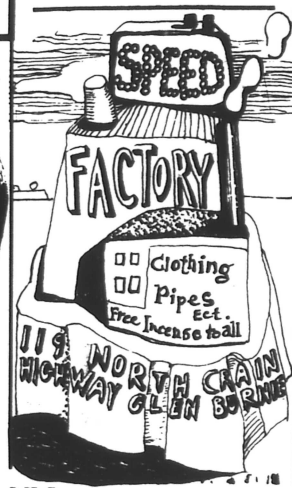
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CONTEMPORARY GIFTS



police to blast their way into Panther headquarters in Detroit, Chicago and Denver, where they burned food intended for the Panther free breakfast program, looted and destroyed files, and smashed office equipment while they supposedly "searched" for Sams. The Panthers do not think it was a coincidence that shortly after the police visit to the Detroit headquarters, Panther Area Captain Mike Baynham was found with two bullets in his head, a "suicide," according to the police report.

The Panthers do not know if Miss Luckes, who talked the same way as Sams at a recent bail hearing is a police agent or if she was intimidated by the police while in jail.



THE BAZAAR

FROM FAR AWAY AND EXOTIC CAPITALS; A MOST HANDSOME SELECTION OF FRIPPERY BOUND TO DELIGHT AND AMUSE....

VISIT 100 WEST 25th STREET 368 8641

CS 4 U

by CHRIS ROBINSON

LNS - There has been a lot of gas in the air lately. It seems that every time citizens (especially young ones) move to demonstrate their political opposition to U.S. power and policy, they are met with clouds of noxious fumes dispersed by the forces of law and order. Col. Rex Applegate, the dean of riot control, has let it drop that the Office of the U.S. Attorney General is behind this increased use of chemical weapons on the homefront. According to Col. Applegate, the Attorney General decided in 1967 to "urge greater police use of nonlethal riot agents... Many police agencies, previously hampered by political restraints, began to train for and employ riot gases for the first time."

The most recent gasings on the East Coast were the Army's use of CS against demonstrators at Fort Dix (Oct. 12) and the D.C. police force's use of the same weapon in DuPont Circle and at the Justice Department (Nov. 14 and 15).

CS is a super-strong tear gas developed by the U.S. Army for use in Vietnam. It now seems to have replaced the much milder form of tear gas, CN, as the chemical weapon most commonly used to quell demonstrations.



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One manufacturer of CS, the Lake Erie Chemical Co., describes the advantages of CS over CN: "After 10 minutes or so of 'recovery' in fresh air, determined rioters may have forgotten the effects of CN to the point where they're ready to start trouble again, a block or so away. But if they've had a dose of CS, they're through for the day..."

In Washington the demonstrators had to deal with at least three weapon systems used to dispense CS. In the march to the

Saigon Embassy (Nov. 14) several units of the Pepper Fogger, produced by the General Ordnance Equipment Corporation of Pittsburgh, Pa., were used in an attempt to break up the crowd. The Pepper Fogger is described by Col. Applegate in the September-October issue of *Ordnance* magazine, as a "revolutionary new means of laying down large concentrations of obscuring smoke or CN or CS agents." It works on a pulse-jet principle and disperses highly concentrated streams of gas. The machine weighs only 17 pounds and can be handled by one cop or placed on a moving vehicle.

In Washington the demonstrators soon learned that if they stayed in small groups, up wind from the machines, the strong breeze would take care of the gas. The Pepper Fogger gives off a loud roar which is supposed to frighten ignorant mobs. However, in this case the crowd used the sound to keep track of the equipment, and the major problem was avoiding the trap of small streets with no room to move.

When the police saw that the Pepper Fogger wasn't working on the crowd, they began using no.514 Flame Proof Dust Grenades manufactured by Federal Laboratories, Inc. in Saltsburg, Pa. This grenade contains CS in the form of dust which is blown out in a cloud two seconds after it is thrown. Its range is approximately.

At the Justice Department demonstration (Nov. 15) the demonstrators often stayed too far from the police lines for the no.514 grenades. The police began using the no.560 Federal Spedheat Projectile which has a maximum range of 150 yards when shot from a gas riot gun. When the riot gun goes off, the projectile is propelled from the gun and a delayed fuse is ignited. Three seconds later the fuse ignites the gas charge which disperses CS for about 30 seconds. There is no fragmentation of the projectile, and it was this weapon that the demonstrators were throwing back at the police.

In 1967 Federal Labs produced a handbook entitled, *Manual of Tear Gas Information Written Expressly for the Tear Gas Training Officer*, which gives a lot of information about the use of CS. The manual states:

"The U.S. Military has standardized on CS as an irritation chemical agent. The effects of CS are generally more severe than CN and may be extremely dangerous to persons with cardiac or pulmonary conditions. Buildings, rooms and furniture CANNOT, in many cases, BE DECONTAMINATED when exposed to CS.

In the field, once the squad is committed to action, use plenty of gas. Facing a mob is no time to be economical... In the training sessions, work with smoke grenades in conjunction with tear gas. When this tactic is used on crowds, the large cloud of smoke and gas creates confusion. The rioters cannot see what other members of the mob are doing nor can they see the maneuvers of the police."



The Federal Lab manual also gives the following instructions for first aid for CS exposure:

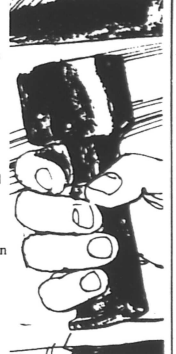
"Eyes:

Do Not Rub the Eyes. This will only increase the irritation. Stand facing the wind forcing the eyes open. In case of severe irritation, thorough irrigation with water or a 1% sodium bicarbonate solution should be used. IF PAIN PERSISTS, CONSULT A PHYSICIAN.

Chest Symptoms: Fresh Air has been the only therapy found to be necessary or effective.

In severe cases which may be accompanied by panic, talking to the person has been found to be sufficient to bring about rapid relief. CS, in high concentrations, may cause a burning sensation on moist skin areas. In such a case, avoid immediate use of water on affected areas. Bathe or shower about six hours following exposure using a mild lanolin base soap...

In case of accidental gross contamination of the skin, flush the contaminated areas (except in or around the eyes) with ethylene-glycol or a 5% solution of sodium bisulfate. Apply lightly a steroid or antihistamine ointment. This will minimize the possibility of blistering; thereby avoiding a secondary skin infection."



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INDIANS ON THE WARPATH!

San Francisco (LNS) — The latest group to launch an anti-imperialist liberation struggle within the borders of the United States is the one which has been oppressed the longest and, in some ways, the hardest — the American Indian. Perhaps spurred on by the struggles of the blacks, chicanos, Puerto Ricans and radical white youth, the young American Indians have decided that it is about time that the oppressive conditions of reservation life be brought to an end.

They have made it clear that the days of the passive, defeated redskin are over. On November 20, 1969, they began their uphill struggle to regain their birthright by taking back some of their land — the uninhabited prison island of Alcatraz.

In their proclamation of the seizure, the Indians explained that they felt the "so-called Alcatraz Island is more than suitable for an Indian Reservation, as determined by the white man's own standards. By this we mean that this place resembles most Indian reservations in that: 1) It is so isolated from modern facilities, and without adequate means of transportation, 2) It has no fresh running water, 3) It has inadequate sanitation facilities, 4) There are no oil or mineral rights, 5) There is no industry and so unemployment is very great, 6) There are no health care facilities, 7) The soil is rocky and non-productive, and the land does not support game, 8) There are no educational facilities, 9) The population has always exceeded the land base, 10) The population has always been held as prisoners and kept dependent on others."

The analogy to reservation life is very real. For the 650,000 full-blooded American Indians — the sole survivors of the genocide with which the United States was consolidated—life in America means living conditions worse than in the most miserable urban slums.

The San Francisco Chronicle-Examiner reports that families in reservations (America's euphemism for the Indian concentration camps) live in one-room, log or mud huts that have no plumbing, electricity, windows, heat or sewage. Two of every five healthy adults are unemployed, and "healthy" refers to only a portion of the population.

On the reservation, life expectancy is 44 years, in a nation where the average life expectancy today is 70.

The U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) proudly boasts that tuberculosis and infant mortality rates have been drastically reduced in the last few years. They have. TB on reservations is now only five times as frequent as anywhere else in the country.

The BIA says the Indians are making progress. They point to the increase in college enrollment, from 400 to 5000 now. They don't mention that only 58% of Indian children graduate from high school. (Counting all minorities in the figures, the national average is 74%.) And it is not unusual for Indian youngsters to have to travel up to 40 miles to their local school.

And when the Indian student arrives at these schools and reads the textbooks, he is instructed that his people are "stupid and lazy," and that until the Europeans came here his people had "no history."

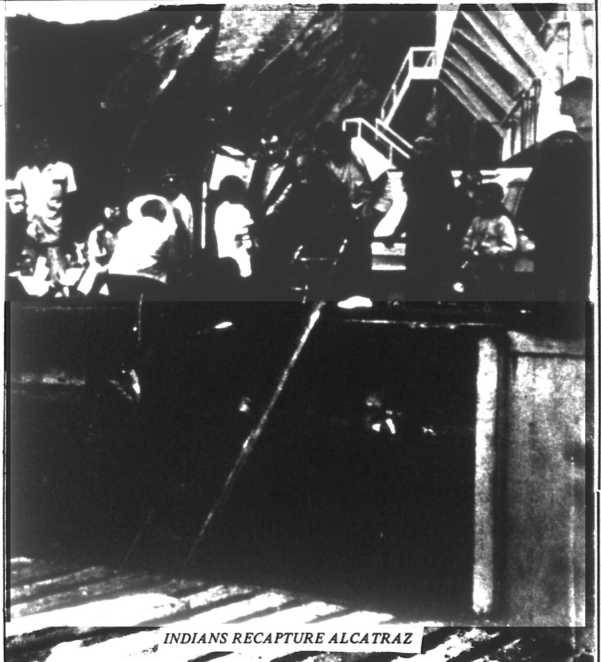
In a recent report entitled "Our Brother's Keeper: The Indian in White America," the psychological effects of reservation life on the Indians are discussed.

"The Indian is never alone," the report states. "The life he leads is not his to control. That is not permitted. Every aspect of his being is affected and defined by his relationship to the Federal Government — and primarily the Bureau of Indian Affairs."

The paternalistic policies of the BIA consistently drain away Indian pride and creativity by repressing it and mocking it at every step. The report explains, "Every effort by the Indian to achieve self realization is frustrated and penalized; the Indian is kept in a state of personal dependency, as his price of survival; and alienation from his people and past is encouraged for the Indian."

The Indian who lives on a reservation, according to the Chronicle report, earns an average of \$1500 a year, less than half of the over-all per capita figure of \$3500. The poverty level is considered to be \$3130 for a family of four.

The Indians have been "allowed" to retain a certain amount of land. But most of the 50.5 million acres owned by Indians is infertile and lacking in minerals



INDIANS RECAPTURE ALCATRAZ

timber, and water. They can't sell or lease the land without Federal approval. In Palm Springs, where it turned out that the Indians possessed some very valuable land, the BIA decided the Indians were incapable of managing their own affairs, and trustees were appointed by the BIA. One third of the revenue from these lands was later found expropriated by individual BIA members.

In areas where Indians have tried to exercise their traditional rights to the land, such as the fishing rights in the State of Washington, they have met with strong Federal resistance. A report on the Oglala Sioux reservation states that there is one bureau employee for each Indian family: median income is \$2000 a year, and 60% of the people are unemployed.

And in Washington, where Indians refused the right to fish to supplement their diet, the State spends thousands of dollars to protect the fish for sportsmen and commercial fisheries. The Government does nothing to help alleviate, and in fact hinders attempts to eliminate the malnutrition, unemployment, disease and educational and psychological deprivation of the Indians.

It is not surprising that young Indians, seeing others all around them rebelling and taking back what they consider theirs, are beginning to stir.

In the nation as a whole, the focus has been against the BIA as the repressive agent of the Federal Government which has colonized them. Technically, tribal councils on the reservations function for the Indians to control their own affairs. But all council decisions are subject to veto by the BIA.

The young Indians say the effect of this has been "spiritual emasculation," leading to "apathy, indolence, alcoholism and disintegration." There are some who would say these traits have been purposely fostered to keep the Indians passive, so they won't act to fight against their oppression.

Knowing what to expect from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, young militants see no prospect for change through normal channels. The BIA budget is inadequate to meet the Indians' needs even if its bureaucrats were disposed to do so. And the White House does no more than pay lip service to those needs. Since Indians have no real power at the polls they are not misled by the illusion that they can appeal to their congressmen. The only viable alternatives concerning the BIA would be abolish it altogether and have the reservation assume self-government, or restructure it so that it would be an all-Indian administrative body.

The new awareness and militancy among the young American Indians has not been limited to seeing the sources of their oppression. In several concrete instances, they have begun to move to combat it.

At a meeting of the National Congress of American Indians, Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel was shouted down by radicals in the all-Indian audience who told him to shut up and go home, labeling him a "white honky."

But by far the most dynamic and meaningful of the recent attempts by young Indians to regain their stolen heritage is taking place on the former prison island of Alcatraz in the San Francisco Bay. There hundreds of young Indians, supported by their tribal elders, have seized the land and reclaimed it as "Indian land;" they vow to stay there permanently.

They hope to set up an Indian cultural and ecological center, a university and a training school on their island.

The Alcatraz land grab is also seen as an important first step in the Indian's attempt to reclaim at least unused Federal lands for use by the Indian peoples. The take-over of Alcatraz has been receiving widespread support in the Bay Area, and may well signal the beginning of a new era for the American Indians.



"What Worries Me, Senator, Is That They're Getting Into Sleep."





Photo: PHIL MARCUS

by BRIAN FORD

POWER TO THE PEOPLE! FREE KIM AGNEW!

Three hundred hardy demonstrators screamed these chants. Our beloved vice president was in town, of course, and we went out to greet him in our proper manner. It seems that when Spiro is in town he brings bad vibes and bad weather. It rained the entire night. We had a short rally and also we had 50 people march in front of the hall.

One complaint: Don't call cops "Pigs." That only increases hostilities.

The Greek patriots who demonstrated gave some colorful language over the bullhorn — in Greek.

Isn't it terrible our good vice president can't appear without those rowdies? Oh My!

naked if we want

(The following article is reprinted from the San Francisco Good Times, and was written by someone who, coincidentally, is named Harry)

In the interests of developing a sound and well-rounded policy with the aim of total revolution, we feel it incumbent upon us to bring to your consideration the following proposal:

Let it be resolved that, due to the impending death of the planet, change must occur.

Let it be realized that our past mode of life must in some part be the cause of our present dilemma.

In fact, share with me a sense of guilt and common criminality for our current state of affairs. "Oh, no," cry I, but "yes" says reason and I search my animal past for cause.

Repeat brother! Throw off your clothes! Weep, brother! Accept your sins in your nakedness. Think! Accept your pitiful condition as creator of genocide and king of destruction.

Then as we all wander around naked there will suddenly dawn—a bright and sparkling new reality. It feels good, it is good.

IF no one hid from one another
IF we accepted ourselves for what we are.

IF we could see and feel each other as human.

IF we did without props and if we had no secrets and false assumptions—then there might be a human race, and life in general, in fifty years.

Walk around the financial district and

see all the up tight foolish contemptible builders of power. Think how ordinary, these pillars of justice would appear if stripped of their proud feathers. How real each of us would become. How dependent on the realization that each of us is different—that each of us in unique.

Remember—that as long as we cling to our fake images and cherished fears it will be just that long that we deny ourselves freedom.

Unchain your heart, unchain your mind, unchain your body. Be free.

Now this would be the palce to list several smashing arguments to uphold the cause of nakedness, but they would only be the ones that would occur to you if you thought about it—no pockets, for money—no upkeep—freedom of movement, etc. Or I might destroy all objections, which, as you can speedily realize—only comes to one rational complaint—the cold. Okay, I'll admit to a blanket—on cold days—(an all-purpose, see-through plastic protector might be best).

So there remains nothing for us to do, but shed our clothes and sins, and watch in delight as the previous order falls apart—for if we all did it surely would.

On the other hand if this simple measure for peace won't appeal to you, try another—Boycott Christmas!

who are you?

by Bennett Hoffman

Now don't laugh, and no, don't tell me your name, or your occupation. We know better than that—you and I. We've been around for a long, long time.

We've had many names—many jobs, learned many lessons. We've seen nations founded, watched them blossom, bear fruit and wither to dust. Yes, we've outlived the mightiest of civilizations.

We've been of many colors, of many faiths. We've lived and died, many times. We've worn many bodies, had many loves.

And here we are, doing it all again. No more aware of our past, our precious heritage, than we were last time—or the time before. Oh, perhaps a bit more aware, but we go on creating lusts and loves, acting out our roles in total involvement so that we may forget what we really know... what we have known all along.

Think back. Remember back to when you were a child. How far back can your mind take you? Do you remember being five years old—your first day in kindergarten? Do you remember your third birthday party? Your first? Do you remember being born? You know you were, why can't you remember? It is all there, hidden in the deeper recesses of your mind.

We all are able to remember back to our birth, back even to previous lives. There are hundreds of well-documented cases available for your inspection (see recommended readings) which statistically verify instances of past life recollections. And with the increased awareness of today's parents who, in understanding that much of their children's "fantasies" bear an element of truth, more and more data is being collected and reviewed.

Recognizing the fact that we have indeed existed in different bodies, different places and different times, opens up exciting new vistas of thought:

If we do not cease to exist at death, what happens to us? Is it possible to gain first

hand knowledge of levels of existence such as those we pass into after death while we are still alive? Why do we continue this cycle of lives?

Are there universal laws and forces operative upon us with which we are presently unfamiliar?

How can we develop ourselves so that we may understand this experientially? It is only through first hand, practical knowledge that we may truly understand, for mere intellectual knowledge is always shadowed by doubt.

The past lies in waiting for man to discover its secret. "For as lessons are learned, they are ignored. The journey of Life, the long flow of Identity, is a flurry of beginnings so separated from the Beginning that, in the farthest turn of the Wheel, the beginning of the Cycle is forgotten."

Live in the Light ●

Recommended Reading:
Reincarnation Marcia Moore
Reincarnation Swami Abhedananda
Reincarnation: East-West Anthology Head & Cranston
Winged Pharaoh and Many Lifetimes Joan Grant
Through Death to Rebirth Perkins
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Books by Gina Cerninara
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HARRY CHARISMA!

Peacemakers Land Trust Launches Drive For Land Liberation

by H. LAWRENCE LACK

At a conference held in Cincinnati over Thanksgiving weekend, The Peacemakers, whose pioneering noncooperation campaigns helped set off nationwide movements of draft and tax resistance, resolved to tackle what they see as a crucial characteristic of the American garrison state — the private ownership of land.

The Cincinnati conference established a Peacemaker Land Trust to serve as a demonstration project in how the control of land and other basic natural resources can be handed over to communities that need access to these resources and are presently deprived of that access.

The new Land Trust, which will be incorporated as soon as possible, will work like this: Peacemakers will solicit gifts of land, accepting only parcels that are held free and clear with the understanding that the lands will be held by the Trust in perpetuity. The gifted lands will be listed and thoroughly described in "The Peacemaker" (10208 Sylvan Ave., Cincinnati 41, Ohio), "The Green Revolution" (Rt. 1, Freeland Maryland 21063), and various other publications. Persons interested in these lands, either for themselves or for others, will be asked to contact the Trust. Whenever possible, the Trust will try to find out whether in the vicinity of gifted lands there are landless people who could make use of the offered parcels.

After a few months of listings, a meeting will be arranged at some convenient time and place for all those who have expressed interest in a given Trust site. Someone representing the Trust will also attend. At these meetings the prospective users (trustees) of the site will discuss how they, or some of them, can jointly make use of the land that has been made available. If there are more parties interested in a given plot than that plot can support, they themselves will work out which of them can best use it.

A tentative outline of how the newborn association (or "trusthold") will use its land will then be given to the Trust, which will examine and approve such plans.

The Trust itself will not attempt to influence how these groups of trustholders will make use of their lands, but certain ground rules have been laid down for the operation of the Trust.

1) Those making use of Trust lands should not, prior to their becoming trustees, be landowners; and, should they acquire other land holdings during their tenure on Trust lands, they should, within a reasonable time either return their Trust lands to the Trust and move to their own land, or else gift their non-Trust lands to the Trust. Use of the Trust lands, thus, is to be offered only to previously landless people.

2) Trustees, associations of trustees, etc., will not be empowered, not shall they sell or lease their trustholds or any part thereof, and that when they no longer have use for Trust Lands they will so inform Peacemakers, so that the land can be offered to another user or other users.

3) No user of Trust lands will be asked to pay anything for the use of those lands.

4) The trustees using Trust lands, rather than the Trust, will be responsible for paying (or otherwise dealing with), local land and other taxes during their tenure, and that the trustees will also be responsible for the upkeep and maintenance of the land and any improvements which exist upon it. Trustees will be free to — and hopefully will — make improvements on the land they use, but should they no longer wish to make use of their trust hold, these improvements will revert to the trust along with the land.

5) If outside workers are employed by trustees on Trust lands, the increased pro-

Feiffer



sits that result from their work shall be shared equally with them.

Aside from these conditions the Trust will leave the use of lands it provides up to the users. Even the above conditions will not be enforced by legal instruments. The Peacemakers avoid recourse to the law on principle, convinced that moral suasion is preferable to the "legitimate force" of law wherever differences among people arise. Eviction, or anything akin to it, will not be practiced by the Trust, and users of Trust lands will have secure tenure in these lands as long as they need them.

Those who pointed out the possibility that lands assigned for use by the Trust might be denuded of trees or misused in a host of other ways were answered at the conference by others who pointed out that if persuasion by Peacemakers was unsuccessful in warding off such problems, satyagraha (the Gandhian "truth-force") could be used. Chuck Matthei, the infamous Chicago draft resister, recounted an incident some years ago when he'd saved a grove of trees at the Connecticut CNVA farm by threatening to organize a tree sit-in.

The issue of how to acquire lands for the Trust came in for some examination. A good number of people seemed to think that if the idea of a trust is to free land from the depreciations of the property system, where speculative buying and selling inflates the value of most land beyond what many who need it can afford to pay, then purchase should be avoided in the procurement of Trust lands.

This feeling reflects the general means-ends position of The Peacemakers, who hold that a violent means cannot accomplish a nonviolent end. If the property system is a form of violence, it should be by-passed in the formation of a Trust, not bought off, or so the conference at least tentatively concluded.

To those who were skeptical about the efficacy of the voluntary, donation method for getting significant amounts of land, the example of Gramdan was cited. Gramdan, which was begun in India in 1949 by Gandhi's chosen "successor", Vinoba Bhave, is a massive application of the land trust idea. The Gramdan movement now controls more than half of all the land previously held by indigenous landlords in Bihar, one of India's poorest states, and is expected to similarly "take over" three to six more of the remaining fifteen states by 1975. While Gramdan does plan to control the legislatures of these states, its program calls for the wholesale decentralization of government to the village level and the abolition of

"politics as usual."

The Peacemakers who attended the Thanksgiving conference, which dealt with a whole series of questions beside the Trust — non-cooperation in prison, non-payment of income taxes, the draft in Puerto Rico, and a good many other things — showed a marked preference for making changes in social relations over discussing what changes might be made.

Decisions of the conference were made with great care, and always by consensus (unanimity) rather than by vote. The intensity of some of the discussions and the cautious refusal to undertake projects on which no clear consensus emerged came across at first as a proclivity to talk everything to death. But as potential projects were compared with past ones it became clear that the agenda dealt with what the people present were going to do with their lives and not with lip service to distant social blueprints or theories. Hence, presumably, the care that was taken.

The Peacemakers are interested in the experimental creation of alternatives to the present violent order. While they are strongly convinced that the everyday violence of the existing society must be confronted and challenged with active non-violence, they are even more convinced that if their challenges are to be effective they must look constantly to improving the quality of their own lives and their relations to others.

An introductory leaflet handed out in Cincinnati says, "Peacemakers is a movement dedicated to the transformation of society through the transformation of the individuals therein — inner transformation... Association of those who want to make changes in themselves at the same time that they seek to create a better society forms the grass roots of a new society based on spiritual values and human brotherhood." The Land Trust is seen as this kind of association.

The Peacemaker Land Trust joins other such ventures which are also attempting to accomplish land redistribution along with the development of new communities by means of land trusts. A number of still-existing small trustholds have been organized or influenced by economist Ralph Borsodi, who has been experimenting in this "medium" since the early 1930's when he set up a network of new and substantially self-sufficient homesteads around Dayton, Ohio. These homesteads (and others of the Borsodi type) have convinced many of the value of rural revival as a defense against the insecurities and dangers of an over-industrial economy.

The New Hampshire Rural Land Trust, set up by Art Harvey and others in 1968, is somewhat similar to the new Peacemaker Trust except that it contemplates purchasing low cost lands and applying a low-rent lease to those who will use its lands. NHRLT now has 74 acres of woodland and orchard for assignment to new users (write c/o Arthur Harvey, Canterbury, N.H. 03224).

A much more wide scale land trust effort is in the works; it is New Communities, Inc. (c/o Robert Swann, Voluntown, Conn.) Organized in 1968, New Communities also expects to employ a lease basis for use of lands it assigns, and to purchase lands. Income from rents would be used to help acquire new lands for distribution to more users. The Voluntown groups, which Borsodi helped to found, is convinced that if viable and diverse new communities are to be established on their Trust's lands, sizable tracts should be purchased. New Communities is presently negotiating the purchase of a 4800 acre farm in Lee Co., Georgia, which, if secured, will be opened for the use of presently dispossessed sharecroppers in the area.

New Communities is patterning its efforts in large part after those of the Israeli Jewish National Fund, which used a procurement program similar to the one described above, seeking to purchase large, contiguous tracts of land so that fairly substantial communities could be developed. Lessees of the Jewish National Fund now use almost all of the rural lands of Israel.

Robert Swann, the Director of New Communities, along with an assistant, Erick Hansch, succinctly explains the goals of their organization in an article, called "The Land Trust", which is available from them at the address given above.

The Peacemakers have, prior to the Cincinnati conference, received offers of several small tracts of land, some of which will no doubt be among the first lands to become part of the newly formed Trust.

The Peacemaker Land Trust is actively seeking offers of land, both urban and rural. Until incorporation is accomplished, gifted lands will probably be held by one or more individual Peacemakers with the understanding that they will be signed over to the Trust as soon as it becomes a legal receiver. Anyone interested in the possibility of gifting lands, or in finding out more about the Trust, is urged to contact the Peacemaker Land Trust Committee, c/o Kay Farrell, Rt. 1, Box 129, Freeland Maryland 21053.

You Don't Need a Sewerman

by JAMES RIDGEWAY
Hard Times/LNS

"They (conservationists who want strip miners to restore land) are stupid idiots, socialists and commies who don't know what they are talking about. I think it is our (coal operators') bounden duty to knock them down and subject them to the ridicule they deserve." — James D. Reilly, Consolidation Coal Co., in the Pittsburgh Press, May 8, 1969.

Stripped of the current modish hysteria, the politics of ecology seem dull and complicated. They less involve radicals and outraged liberals than quarreling groups of doctors, systems analysts, sewer men and industrialists, in the end bringing into focus the political underbelly of post-industrial America. One way to begin is to examine three major government programs allegedly aimed at combating environmental pollution — water, air and pesticides — and in that way see how laws for controlling pollution end by making it legitimate.

The water and air pollution control laws are written so that the burden of proving pollution exists is on the government. Federal officials must begin by demonstrating that pollution is "interstate" and then proceed through an arduous course of meetings and hearings which can last for 10 or 20 years. In the end there is an agreed-on "abatement" plan stretching even further into the future, and dependent on government financing which oftentimes is not available.

Under the water pollution law, if the government believes there is interstate pollution it can call an enforcement "conference" of interested parties for the purpose of reaching agreement on an abatement plan. If the conference fails, the government can wait six months, then call a hearing. If the hearing fails, the government must wait another six months, then go to court. Since the pollution law was passed in 1956, there have been 46 different enforcement actions; four of them have reached a hearing stage, and only one went to court. In practise what happens is that the politicians, bureaucrats and technicians get together at a conference and agree to meet at various dates in the future. Each time they meet, it is agreed that progress has been made. The conference method helps to legitimize pollution by conferring it to death.

It is only recently that pollution became such a passionate public case. In the early 1960s, the government seldom even announced the existence of an enforcement conference to the daily papers. In those days the conferences were the scenes of in-fighting among bureaucratic sects; lawyers against doctors, systems engineers against old fashioned sewer men; congressmen against state assemblymen. The most bitter fights took place among the doctors of the U.S. Public Health Service and a small group of lawyers, who shared control of the pollution program. The Public Health Service doctors believed their job was to channel technical information and friendly advice to the doctors in the state health services. The state health services invariably controlled the state pollution programs, and often as not, were locked up with local polluting industry. Thus, nothing got done. For example, on the Raritan Bay, in New Jersey, the federal government has been involved in an enforcement conference with New Jersey for nearly 10 years. While the US Public Health Service had the upper hand in managing the federal program, its representatives refused to pressure their doctor friends running the New Jersey program. On one occasion a district director of the US Public Health Service actually re-

fused to send a memorandum to the New Jersey health service which showed that more than 100 people had come down with hepatitis after eating clams taken from polluted beds in the state; the memo urged action be taken. The doctors in PHS argued with the lawyers, and finally in 1965 the administration of the act was taken away from the PHS and placed instead in the Interior Department, where it immediately became subservient to other sets of interests, mining, oil, etc.

In 1965 Congress amended the basic water pollution law, raising the amount of money for building sewers, and creating national water quality standards for interstate streams. Under this scheme, states were encouraged to write standards based on federal criteria. The government then could either approve them, or force the state to adopt tougher rules. If a state chose not to set standards, then the government could write them itself. At the time, these amendments were viewed as tough anti-pollution measures, but that's not the way things turned out. For one thing, while the government sets standards, the states "classify" streams by use. This tends to work in favor of special interest groups, especially industry. If large companies don't care for pollution standards, they threaten to pull out of a state, creating the specter of diminished tax revenue and unemployment.

The water quality standard amendments were passed in 1965; the standards were supposed to be submitted by June 30, 1967. However, as 1969 draws to an end, 28 states have yet to file complete standards. Even where states have filed complete standards and the government has approved them, the date of implementation may be some way off in the future. A usual implementation date is 1972.

Moreover, during LBJ's reign, the then Interior Secretary Stewart Udall was caught in the embarrassing position of approving water quality standards of the water in certain states. To rectify this mistake, Udall sought to persuade the states to adopt the so-called "non-degradation clause," which says they are pledged not to lower existing water quality. That created a fresh quarrel, and so far only 15 states have signed non-degradation clauses. (It was Udall's misfortune to unduly alarm people. The non-degradation clause was to save face among the conservationists. Actually he had written loopholes throughout. In one part, for instance, the clause says existing standards cannot be lowered unless "such change is justifiable as a result of necessary economic and social development," a statement which could mean anything to anybody.)

Over the years water pollution abatement programs have made tiny steps forward whenever the federal government paid for construction of a local sewer. This in turn depends largely on the temper of the people in the House and Senate public works committees who control the money. Sewer money doesn't amount to much (\$214 million this year), and it is doled out according to a complicated ration which is meant to ensure that every congressman gets a little sewer for his district. The law says the government can pay up to 55% of the cost of a local project, but when the Congress appropriates \$200 million and the total cost of building sewers in New York State alone is \$1 billion, the program obviously becomes a laugh.

The members of the Public Works committee can have considerable sway in the way pollution programs are managed: It was in deference to John Blatnik, who heads the House pollution subcommittee, that the Interior Department during LBJ's time suppressed a report which revealed



an enormous source of pollution was in Blatnik's district. The Reserve Mining Co., a subsidiary of Republic Steel, is dumping 60,000 tons of ore tailings into Lake Superior every day. But Reserve is in Blatnik's district and it created considerable employment in an area which had been previously starving. (After conservationists set up a cry, the government eventually called an enforcement conference.)

Since Nixon's election things have been slower than usual at water pollution headquarters in Washington. Nixon's "Clean Water Team" consists of Carl Klein, a Chicago savings bank lawyer friend of the late Senator Dirksen, who is assistant secretary of Interior, and David Dominick, a 32-year-old nephew of Peter Dominick, the reactionary Colorado senator. Not long after he took office, Klein asked Edgar Speer, president of US Steel, to stop by the Interior Department for one of the Mr. Clean Water awards Wally Hickel was handing out. The award subsequently proved a bit embarrassing since the government is threatening to sue US Steel as one of the biggest polluters in the nation.

A couple of weeks ago the Nixon gang threw a booze party at the Washington Hilton for 600 executives who are interested in sewage treatment. Each executive paid \$100, to get in. Clean Water Speer set the meeting tone: "We oppose treatment for treatment's sake," he declared, pointing out that there were just not enough earnings for "ideal" pollution abatement programs. "Unless the money for pollution control is intelligently spent — not by the dictates of emotion — the citizen is paying for something he didn't get," Speer said. "Is an additional 10 per cent improvement in fishing worth \$100 million?" John Swearington, chairman of Standard Oil Co. of Indiana, added, "The central question is not whether we should have cleaner water, but how clean, at what cost, and how long to do the job. These considerations are frequently ignored in popular discussions. Public enthusiasm for pollution control is matched by reluctance to pay even a modest share of the cost. This attitude will have to change."

Earlier this year, assistant secretary Klein told the House Appropriations Committee there was no need to appropriate more money for sewage grants. The pollution headquarters even had money left over from last year, he maintained. But when the House insisted, and voted \$600 million instead of the \$214 million Klein wanted, Klein said they'd just have to live with the increase. (The Senate still must act on the bill.)

Meanwhile, David Dominick has ordered his public relations men to write a book which can be published under

his name. A book might improve his image as a conservationist and be useful in future political campaigns.

The government's air pollution program, which is called a "center" and is based in HEW, is a feeble water pollution program. The federal government cannot set clean air standards, but only recommends criteria for such standards to the states. They do as they like. It does periodically hold enforcement conferences. Eight have been called to date. Most involve relatively small cities, and the air pollution people stay clear of places like Los Angeles or New York, where there are big messes. The air pollution center's most celebrated case to date was its victory in federal court against a chicken rendering plant which sent bad smells from Maryland to Delaware. Major moves in air pollution, such as attacks on auto makers for conspiring to delay the development of emission control, come out of the White House. During Johnson's administration attacks on the auto makers were stopped by the White House. In his last days, Johnson allowed an antitrust suit to be brought against them. Since then, Nixon has terminated the suit. The air pollution control division remains at best a public relations maneuver. The government has no power to control air pollution, and what little regulatory machinery does exist is seldom used.

Industry is the biggest pro-pollution lobby. There are others. One of the most peculiar consists of the sanitary engineers, the men who man the sewers. One might think they would be solidly for more pollution control, but often they oppose pollution programs. The sewer men dislike

Continued on page 11

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Continued from page 10

federal bureaucrats messing about the works. They don't care much for the new systems approach with all the talk of sewage so clean you can put it back in the reservoir for tap water. They've always viewed the job as carrying the shit to the river and dumping it in. The federal systems engineers talk about fail-safe sewer plants with stand-by systems all set to carry the load when the big pumps jam. That's pretty far-out thinking for the sewer man. When the pumps clog in most stations, the operator looks to see if anyone is watching, then yanks the by-pass switch and shoots the raw shit into the stream or lake. When he gets a spare moment, he empties the pipes and starts all over again. The sewer men sometimes lobby strongly, in Richmond, Virginia, for example, the citizenry is up in arms because the city sewer men want to turn off the main sewage disposal plant for four months while they hook up a new pipeline. During that period, the plan is to dump the raw sewage into the James River. The major proponents of the scheme include members of the state's water pollution control board.

Under the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide, and Rodenticide Act, the Agricultural Research Service (ARS), part of the Agriculture Department, is responsible for making sure that pesticides are both safe and effective before they are put on the market. The ARS registers all pesticides before they can be used, and if it detects a violation of the law, it can always cancel the registration, seize the goods, or ask the Justice Department to prosecute violators.

Despite these broad powers, the ARS did not prosecute one case in 13 years, even though it cited thousands of companies, many of them repeatedly, for violations. Instead the Service writes the chemical companies obsequious notes, pleading with them not to sell crummy and dangerous merchandise. In a few instances it seizes batches of tainted goods at one retail outlet, but leaves them out for sale at all the other outlets.

The law says the burden of proving safety and efficacy is on the manufacturer, but in fact, the ARS accepts the manufacturer's test data without checking into its validity. Once a product has been on the market, the ARS believes the burden of proof rests with the government, not the company.

Recent investigations by a Congressional subcommittee headed by L. H. Fountain suggest the results of this policy may be much more extraordinary than previously believed. ARS officials cheerfully told Fountain that there were only 175 pesticide poisonings last year, and only half of that number involved humans. However, the Public Health Service maintains a series of poison control centers; they reported 5,000 instances of pesticide poisoning among humans, 4,000 of them involving children under five. The PHS estimates total pesticide poisoning at about 50,000 a year. The ARS pleaded ignorance of the PHS data, and it then came out that the government has no way of sending this sort of data around to different agencies. If there ever were a sudden, severe epidemic of pesticide poisoning, the ARS, the agency responsible for taking the poison off the market, would never know about it, not in all likelihood would anyone else. That, of course, works to the benefit of the pesticide manufacturers.

One of the ARS jobs is to make sure proper cautionary labels are placed on pesticide packages. Here is an example of how that works out: On one side of a label for a concentrated fly and roach spray, manufactured by Hysan Products Co. of Chicago, the directions say, "Use in well ventilated rooms or areas only. Always spray away from you. Do not stay in room that has been heavily treated. Avoid inhalation."

But on the other side of the label, the directions read, "Close all doors, windows, and transoms. Spray with a fine mist sprayer freely upwards in all directions so the room is filled with vapor. If insects have not dropped to the floor in three minutes repeat the spraying, as quantity sprayed was insufficient. After 10 minutes doors and windows may be opened." According to the first warning, one might have already succumbed at this point.

When a company files for registration of a new pesticide, the ARS sends the application around to other interested government agencies for their comments on possible adverse effects. The Public Health Service looks at the pesticides to see how they might affect humans. Over the years, the PHS argued that various pesticides should not be approved, and the ARS regularly ignores the warning. There are any number of examples of what happens as a result; each one more ghastly than the other. Here is one: Some time ago the ARS approved registration of a rodent repellent paste made of thallium sulphate. The paste was distributed about the house for rats and mice to eat. A number of children ate the paste and either became dreadfully sick or died. The ARS learned of the situation in 1960, and took steps to limit the amount of thallium in the products. However, that didn't do any good and between 1962 and 1963 400 children ate the paste and were poisoned. Nobody knows how many died. Two more years went by, and finally the ARS took what must have seemed to it drastic action: Registrations for 58 thallium products were cancelled. That supposedly means the products are off the market. However, in 1968 the same thallium products were still available in Washington, D.C. Asked to explain how this was possible, the ARS said it had no control over products already in stores or in shipment at the time of cancellation notices.

The thallium case is not an isolated instance. According to the General Accounting Office, which made a study of the ARS, 11,361 new products were referred to the Public Health Service for comment between January 1968 and March 1969. The PHS listed "objections" to 252; the ARS ignored them.

It seems pretty clear that the laws aimed at combatting pollution function to make it legitimate, providing a defensive cover for the chemical and energy industries which do most of the polluting, and at the same time encouraging the growth of competing technical staffs, whose livelihood in the simplest terms depends on continued environmental pollution. As pollution grows worse, the prevailing liberal response is to sink more money into building up the technical staffs, seeking solutions through government efficiency, and beneath that cover, proposing new laws under which the populace will be taxed to pay industries to install pollution abatement equipment. Incidentally, there is a growing market in this equipment, some of it made by subsidiaries of companies which do most of the polluting. In the future, pollution control will be a growth industry, dependent of course on the continued growth of pollution itself. In short, the liberal mentality is nothing more than big business's slickest PR stunt, not the promise of better things to come.

However, as the central government itself loses momentum, and the pollution programs become more removed from the populace, they begin losing even the appearance of legitimacy, and people turn to more direct action, picketing, law suits, sabotage, and eventually the seizure of land and formation of new communities.



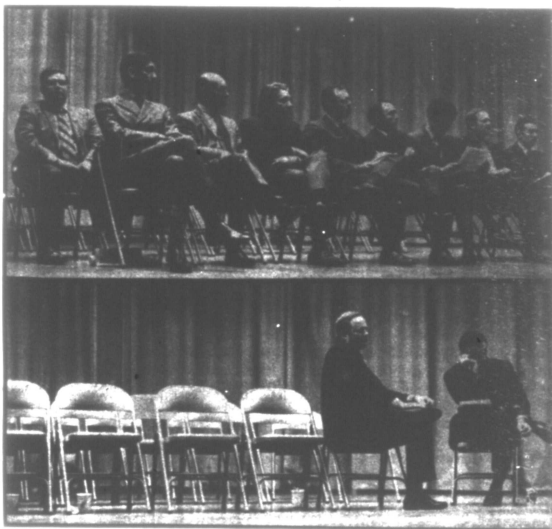
TOWN MEETING

by MIKE HUNT

"Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses, yearning to be free" and I'll give them a podium to be ignored upon; and Baltimore began it's first "Town Meeting." Some 69 or so various political, religious, social and economic organizations gathered together at the old Polytechnic High School auditorium to say their thing to each other and to the City, State and Federal "elected officials" who gave their valuable time to listen to the people (hopefully). The "elected officials," or rather, the representatives of elected officials (we regret that the mayor or the pope or the king or whoever they are couldn't be with us today 'cause he's playing golf or beating off or doing whatever "elected officials" do on Sunday afternoons) numbering about 10 at the beginning of the meeting, dwindled within

everyone who is speaking today will limit their oratory to three minutes and I don't give a shit what you got to say or how important it is, if it ain't said in three minutes we castrate the sound system and you'll look like an asshole with your mouth moving and nothing coming out. And everyone got up and said that the war's a drag and the bread should be used for whatever trip they were pushing. And someone got up and said he was a Black Panther and rapped a lot about Black Panther stuff and 4 Panthers made him go back and say he wasn't a Panther after all but the Panthers didn't disagree with what he said.

An "open mike" was provided for the audience to ask questions of the speakers every half hour but since the audience had more to say than anyone else, that



an hour to 5 and dropped to two before half-time. The two, 2nd District Assemblymen Mac McCarty and Paul Sarbanes, stuck it out, neither letting the other be "the Hero who stayed."

"My name's Robert Fitzpatrick and I want to call this meeting to order" and

was cancelled after the second time.

And a 6 hour meeting went on to prove that talking about it ain't where it's at. Jesus, what a bore.

BITS OF INFORMATION JOINED TOGETHER IN LINE, ONE BY ONE, BECAME "ORGANIZING PRINCIPLE OF LIFE ON THIS PLANET" — IT DROPPED AN EGG ON HIROSHIMA

Since Downey's film exploded in New York, Madison Avenue executives have reported 86% more chuckling in office corridors.

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RISE TITANIC

By Allan Dale III

A mostly maroon VW bus with New Hampshire plates hulks near the front door of North Baltimore's Church of the Redeemer. Shiny faced kids mill about the bus as they head for the door but most of them don't notice it. It isn't anything out of the ordinary to them. They want to go inside; Jaime Brockett is giving a concert in there. . .the bus, named *Thor*, is his. More than transportation, it is his home, a very definite way of life. Outside: an empty luggage rack, a "U.S.A." sticker, a Gene McCarthy flower, an A.A.A.A. emblem, and some detective company-cum-siren-manufacturer's admonition not to rip anything off under pain of hassle, fine, imprisonment, embarrassment and the rest of that whole schtick. Inside: a stereo system that would put most household units to shame; tapes running all the way from Buddy Holly to the more synchronic classics; Marvel comic books, instruments, clothing, matches, papers, and other survival paraphernalia. . .not the least important of which is a just-purchased 39-cent windshield scraper about which Brockett is later to say: "Dig it man, I got this thing for 39 cents and it really works. . .the only one I've ever had that works without breaking. Shit! . . . Wow!"

Finally I go inside and somebody says "Hey, he gets in free" which turned out to be pretty cool since there weren't any seats left anyway—that's probably some kind of first for Baltimore: an anything-but-overpublicized folk music concert sold out on a rainy night. . . something's happening in Baltimore and it sure looks good.

Bette White, a local ballad singer, opened the first part of the concert. She is steeped in the folk tradition but rounds out her repertoire with a generous sampling of her own material. . .mostly introspective songs that rank among the best I've heard. She infuses many of her vocals with adventurous excursions into the world of jazz tangents. Her music is marked by widely ranging textures and emotional dynamics. Her voice is first a shriek, then a murmur; harsh, then gentle; it pleads, it begs, it cries, it howls, it laughs, it loves, it challenges, and just generally wrecks your mind. Accompanying herself on mandolin, 6 and 12 string guitars, she was backed on electric bass by Jim Beineman.

After a brief intermission (and this one really was brief) Brockett appeared, carrying a Martin D-28/42 guitar that flashed abalone all over the room.

He stands for a moment before beginning to play—not relaxed but confident and poised, sizing up the audience, checking vibrations. His eyes reflect God knows how many miles of travel in *Thor* and the fifty-odd ten dollar-cars he had before that—they reflect rodeo rides, Geremia, VanRonk, Elliot, and there's a hint of a really together couple of hours just prior to this concert.

There is an aura, a mystique about Brockett that follows him—precedes him, really—and it endows him with near legendary proportions. His reputation started burgeoning 2 or 3 years ago in Boston and, since the release of his first Oracle LP has been growing even more. Brockett is unique among modern folk singers. He is a crusader without really crusading; his guitar style was obviously nurtured in the blues but he doesn't play blues; he is a traditionalist but he is about as far into contemporary song as anyone has gotten so far. There really isn't anyone else like him. . .but still, he has a close personal contact with his audience. He makes you feel as though he's singing and playing just for you. He has the facility of being on an intimate level with the individual members of his audience.

He raps a lot. Not necessarily about anything in particular. It might be Spiro, Edgar Casy, the draft, loco weed, an old friend, *Thor*, the ocean, pigs, rednecks, or his latest kick—right now it's Screaming Yellow Zonkers, which he threw out into the audience at the Redeemer.

After the first few songs, he warmed up a bit, seemed to relax—if only a little. He looked around more, nodded occasionally to old friends, and rapped a lot. The rapping is important because it is part of the total Jaime Brockett package. . .Jaime Brockett singing songs isn't really Jaime Brockett—not anymore anyway. A Brockett concert is an exercise in total communication. . .the music is only a part of it.

Jaime split his appearance into 2 long sets. The songs were mostly from his "Remember The Wind and The Rain" LP during the first half. The second half included a lot of newer material. . .some of it from his second LP (recorded but not yet mixed) like "Black Beauty" and Paul McNeil's "Sunshine Lady." He raps some more and then plays his "Death Rides a Black Horse Raga"—which is an intense guitar treatment of the essential feeling of Indian music rather than an imitation raga-sans-sitar. He builds his show to the climactic conclusion with his own incredibly personalized, 20-minute version of "The Sinking of the U.S.S. Titanic."

As an encore, Brockett did two songs, "One for you and one for me." The first was a fiercely anti-war song by Dave VanRonk which should appear eventually in the play that Dave has been writing for years, and the other was Jaime's special people song, learned from his close friend Rambling Jack Elliot. . . "Don't Think Twice." While playing this classic Dylan song, Jaime ambled through the audience, singing, playing, and being sung to. . .he was making his point—we're all in this together, "You live and you die, what you do in between is up to you and nobody can take it away from you either."



BETTE WHITE



HOUSE CALL

by STEPHEN HOWARD, M.D.

Q. I have been thinking about dropping acid but I have held back because someday I might want to have children. I wouldn't want to do anything which would be permanently damaging to a future child.

I know that acid taken during a pregnancy will cause deformities to the unborn child. Would taking acid once or twice cause permanent damage to my genes, or is it only when it is taken repeatedly? I would like more information on this subject based on cases of children born to women who have taken acid.

How important is the father's part? If the father is a head will it have as much effect on a future child as when the mother is a head?

A. I too wish I had more information based on cases of children born to women who have taken acid. Since the drug is illegal and most people will not admit openly to having taken it, no really good surveys have been possible.

However, it is fair to say that the whole business has been at the very least grossly exaggerated in the popular press. Some studies of the effects of acid on chromosomes have concluded that there are chromosomal changes, and these studies are always widely publicized; about an equal number of studies have failed to show these changes, but these studies don't seem to get into the papers. And if there are changes, no reputable authority has ever claimed that these are significant; in other words, not all chromosome changes will effect offspring—some seem to be harmless. Chromosome changes are caused by many drugs, including aspirin, caffeine, and the phenothiazines which are used as tranquilizers and anti-nauseants. As far as anyone knows, no harm has come of the use of these drugs. If the use of LSD led to later birth defects, we might expect to have seen an enormous outbreak of deformed infants in the past few years, as with the thalidomide disaster; but there has been no rise in the rate of birth deformities during this time. Despite the full-color horror stories in the magazines, there is absolutely no evidence to back up the idea.

It is known, however, that many drugs can be dangerous to the unborn child, during pregnancy, and acid may be one of them. I would strongly advise against taking any drug while you are pregnant unless it is prescribed by your doctor, who knows which drugs have been proven safe.

Q. I'm an 18-year-old college student. Often when I'm necking or petting with a girl I get a very hard erection. This can be embarrassing, and I'd like to know if there's any way to prevent it or hide it from the girl.

A. You may be able to prevent it by thinking of something that really turns you off, like jumping in a cold shower, or making it with Pat Nixon or shooting your toe off. But why bother? It's a perfectly natural part of sexual contact, and you have no cause to be embarrassed. If I were a girl, I'd take it as a compliment.

Q. I have a problem. My conscience. It was installed in me by my (excuse the expression) father. My problem is I have a boyfriend who is very hip, and believes in free love. So do I, if you really love the person. Anyway I keep backing because of my conscience. I think of what my father has always told me. Stuff like, he won't respect you, you'll get a bad reputation, think of me and all the trouble I went to bring you up to be a good cath-

olic. I'm between my father whom I hate and my boyfriend whom I love. What shall I do?

A. When the editor passed this letter to me, I had an awful sense of the familiar; I could probably find thousands of young chicks to sign mimeographed copies. Unfortunately it would need thousands of replies, for there is no pat answer to your question.

Part of it is a matter of age, and your letter doesn't mention how old you are. If you're 25 and writing this letter, you have a very serious hang-up and ought to talk to a psychiatrist about it. But if you're 15 to 18, as I'm guessing, then your problem is not at all unusual.

Maybe I can clear up a few feelings for you. There are still some men who cannot respect a girl who goes to bed with them; these fellows are rather mixed up about their own views of sex. But they are a minority today and among our generation, and they certainly do not fit the description of "hip." Statistics show us that only a minority of girls getting married today are virgins, and that many have had two, four, or more lovers. Can we believe that all these guys they are marrying do not respect them?

A "bad reputation" can indeed be a problem if you are still in high school, or in a very small college, or living in a small community where everyone knows everyone else's business. The word here is discretion, both for you and your boyfriend.

Your Catholicism I can say little about; for this is a matter of your own beliefs (or lack of them). What I believe or what your father believes is not very important; what do YOU believe?

Other than this it is hard for me to advise you. If I told you to go ahead, would you do it for that reason? And if I told you not to, would that stop you?

I would say that if you feel this much doubt and confusion, it might be wise to hold off until you can settle in your own mind what you believe. It is very questionable whether sex ever hurt anyone, but guilt over sex certainly does. If you do decide to go ahead with it, for heaven's sake be sure you know what you're doing about birth control.

Q. You said something in your last column about "If there are good reasons to stop smoking grass, narcotics addiction is not one of them." Do you know any good reasons to stop?

A. It's illegal.

'Send your questions to HOUSE CALL, HARRY, 233 East 25th Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21218. Names and addresses will not be printed, but should be included, so that questions not used in the paper may be answered personally.'

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JANIS



by STEVE BURNS

You could see it in her eyes: "Fuck off, man," as she shook off the promoter-type - with hair - just long - enough - to - be - straight. Janis said music is freedom and invited all many-thousands of us into the orchestra area ... and then she jumped in... and then the cops freaked...

In the front rows all of us poverty stricken HARRY-folk and rich teeny-boppers were dancing and bouncing on the chintzy foam rubber Civic Center seats. Every few minutes the cops would attempt to push back the kids in front of the stage, the energy transferred back like the grooving mass on top of the seats fell over.

Joplin dug it all; wiggling her beautiful white-soul ass in Baltimore Street, bump-and-grind right in our noses, singing "try a little harder," getting really pissed when the cops took some kids out, and telling them that she wasn't afraid - they could go home because she didn't need to be protected from her people.

But THEY were afraid: the promoters, cops, schools, corporations, army, government. Order was in danger of breaking down - what if those middle class teenyboppers went out and did what they wanted to do! You could feel the Country Corporation Machine tremble with the music - with every bounce of Janis' ass like it was an SDS raised fist. Music is freedom is revolution!

The next step is no promoters, no five-dollar records - Janis Joplin free and smiling in the streets. I'm waiting...



krackenjacks

Bell Bottoms, Body Shirts, Turtle-necks, Belts, Boots, Shoes, Fat Tits, European Suits, Elephant Pents, Etc., Etc., Etc.

BUST BENEFIT

by MICHAEL HUNT

After four months of creative efforts towards opening a coffeehouse, Larry Mentor answered a knock on the collage covered door to find the forces of moral and legal indignation calling his name. There, red-haired Trooper Ireland insisted that Larry sold him some hash, and invited him to the fourteenth century stone and steel palace that the Blue Meanies call "home."

Larry's mother, bless her heart, answering her son's only permitted communication, drained her savings account, and sped in great haste to barter for the freedom of her son. With the ever-rising cost of freedom these days, this left the Mentor household in financial dissaray, and the cerebral intercourse suffered by Larry caused him to decide to give up his part in the project at which he had worked so long and hard.

Meanwhile, back at the coffeehouse, Larry's partner and ever-trusting sidekick, Barry, began a search throughout the sleepy village of Charles, and beyond, searching for the person who would fill the incredible void created by Larry's absence.

Across the street, a wandering minstrel (me) sat busily at his typewriter, investigating the word combinations in the top line of keys (QWERTYUIOP), when open flung the door, and in stepped Barry.

"Wanna run a coffeehouse?"

"Why not?"

And then there, a new everlasting partnership was formed, and the two set out to complete the postponed project.

Now in its final stages of preparation, it is hereby announced and decreed that the coffeehouse, The Seed of Discovery by name, will open its doors to the public at 7:30pm on Saturday, December 20 at 236 East 25th St. on the corner of Guilford. There will be refreshments and entertainment and the proceeds from the first couple of week's business will be donated to the Mentor household to aid in their protection from the shackles of American Justice. Bring your good vibes and pocketbooks and help show Larry that his work was not in vain.



Record Review

by ART LEVINE

After listening to *Let it Bleed*, the new Stones album, and coming away totally stunned and overwhelmed, you rightfully ask, how in God's name does Jagger do it? We have to remember who he is when we hear that dark, black, powerful voice of his. He is, after all, a thin, long-haired, white, young Englishman who even went to, of all things, the London School of Economics.

And still he does it. He does what so few white performers can do. He can sing with soul. He has somehow incorporated into that drug-racked, skinny body of his the essence of the black singing. It is not just getting the phrasing down, or being able to say "befo" instead of "before," or the thousand and one things that even if exactly copied do not guarantee that you will sound like a Chess recording. You have to absorb, as Jagger has so evidently done, years and years of black singers, you have to listen to those records of labels like Okeh and Blue-note and Chess, until somehow, magically, it comes out sounding genuine. I guess technically Jagger shouldn't be able to genuinely sing with that voice because he's not black. But if you want to sing blues and soul there are certain requirements you have to fill, and one of those is black dialect. There is no way around it. You can't say, "I am talking about the Midnight Rambler," but you have got to say, "Ahm talkin' 'bout de Midnight Rambler."

All of these white blues singers, like Joe Cocker and John Hammond, and Koerner, Ray, and Glover, and John Mayall, all of them must suffer from the basic schizophrenic contradiction - "Am I real? Can I really sing the blues if I have to put on an accent?" Unfortunately, the requirements of the art demand of white performers that they put on an accent. And so they all must live with this feeling of unreality about what they do. And what can the white performer do about it? He is driven by the overwhelming vitality of the blues to perform and write and listen to them, but yet his is always trapped by his whiteness. He must simply put on the accent, until he can incorporate the sound and feeling of blues to such an extent that the black voice is completely his. But he can't simply ape some black singer, he has to bring some originality to it.

To me, only Koerner, Ray, and Glover, and Mick Jagger have successfully overcome this problem. Joe Cocker is, in my eyes, a phenomena of nature. A Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey freak, a Cockney wonder who can do an exact imitation of Ray Charles. Thus, along with early Steve Winwood, he is elevated to enormous heights by his fans because he has the ability to copy perfectly the man with the most amazing, powerful, and funky voice that has ever existed - Mr. Ray Charles. Cocker is, admittedly, great to listen to, because it's nice hearing Ray Charles doing songs like, "I Shall Be Released," and, "With a Little Help From My Friends." However, let us never forget that's all he is doing. If Charles had enough sense to pick the fantastic material that Cocker does, Joe Cocker would, I hope, be sent back to England to live the rest of his life in a record shop. Only Jagger has managed to sing with soul, and still obtain some originality. Jagger sounds like all great black singers, and at the same time, like none of them. He sounds only like Mick Jagger. And he sounds great.

Especially on *Let it Bleed*. This album wraps up in a powerful combination the Stones' long-time emphasis on sex and violence. One song is the epitome of this wicked stress on violence and dark sexual-

ity. It is the masterpiece, "Midnight Rambler," a driving song, perfectly timed to the rhythms of fucking, guaranteed to scare the shit out of suburban housewives, and prove, once and for all, that the Stones are the most fantastic degenerates that ever lived. It's a song, of course, about a rapist, and it's the kind of rapist who's going to put a fist through your plate-glass windows and tear down your doors and run down your marble hallways and stick a knife down your throat. And Baby it hurts, Yeah. No wonder he says, "Everybody got to know." Ain't nobody going to be messing around with the Midnight Rambler.

For pure, unadulterated dirt, the kind to play to your relatives if you want to gross them out completely, nothing is better than the last song on the first side, "Let it Bleed." It starts off with Jagger parodying himself almost, laying on his accent as thick as he can. He tells us, "We all need someone to lean on, and baby, if you want to, you can lean on me." Well, nothing wrong with that is there, Aunt Zelda? Not really. The next line is, "She said, 'My breasts will always be open, and you can lay your weary head down right on me. And there'll always be a space in my parking lot, when you want a little coke and sympathy.' Ecchh! At this point, Aunt Zelda turns pale, and runs toward the bathroom. Wait a minute, Aunt Zelda, come back for the next line! "We all need someone to dream on, and, baby, if you want to, you can dream on me. We all need someone to cream on, and, baby, you can cream on me." Did he say cream, as in orgasm? That pig!!! There's more, Aunt Zelda. "We all need someone to feed on, and if you want to, you can feed on me. We all need someone to bleed on, and, baby, if you want to, you can bleed on me." Now, Aunt Zelda is clutching her stomach, and fanning herself with an old copy of *Home Paracheet*. As the song fades out to Jagger wailing, "Feelin' all right, Feelin' all right, baby, you can come all over me. All over! Yeah!" Aunt Zelda swoons and collapses on the over-stuffed couch.

The prettiest song on the album is, without a doubt, Robert Johnson's "Love in Vain." Unlike "Prodigal Son," which sounded like a Delta field recording Alan Lomax might have made for Vanguard, "Love in Vain" is clearly Jagger singing this sad and simple tale. He packs a lot of emotion into this song, and when he moans, "I felt so sad, so lonesome, I could not help but cry," you feel as if he means it. The acoustic guitar and mandolin add much to the touching aura of the song. However, there is one complaint that one must make. They don't credit Johnson with the song. They did the same thing to a poor black minister who wrote "Prodigal Son." These guys, or their relatives, need the money, and Jagger and Co. are being bastards for not giving them credit.

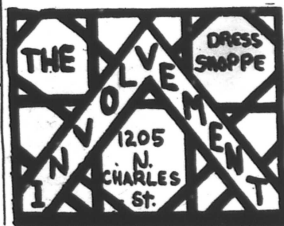
In any case, the rest of the album is an absolute delight, being as raunchy and happy as anything they've ever done. I think it's really their best album, and from what I've heard, so do they.

BLUESBOY

YOU FREAKS!!! YOU FREAKS!!!

You knew all along what B. B. meant!!

YOU FREAKS!!! YOU FREAKS!!!



FILM

by ELLIOTT SIRKIN

Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice apparently intends to satirize customs and sex mores in withit-withoutit suburbia. Withit is presumably represented by Bob and Carol, a television film-maker and his chic wife, who tool around in a glitzy sports car (a Ferrari or a Corvette, I can't remember which), blow up on Alcapulco Gold, dress their five-year-old son in damask Mao jackets, champion Esalen-type sensitivity training, wear shiny unisex clothing, take on mistresses and lovers with nervous pride, sleep in as little as possible, and above all, believe in perfect honesty and tough-minded understanding when threatened by personal disaster. Withoutit is typified by Ted and Alice, a jittery attorney and his spiky wife, who go places in a Cadillac convertible, can't take a normal-sized toke without coughing, believe in psychotherapy, dress in mod-Republican style (Alice never wears pants), get sick or sheepish at the thought of extra-marital outings, wear drawstring pajamas and bushy negligees, and above all, believe in avoiding frankness in order to better cherish their guilt complexes and neurosis. (Ted might even be Jewish, despite his most *goyitsche* of surnames — Henderson.)

Even so, they're a seemingly inseparable quartet, always telling one another how much they're loved, always sharing terrible secrets. Mainly because all four of them are jack-asses. They jabber on about "love" and "hostility" and "beauty", but they're too infantile to be capable of the first, too aggressive and trivial-minded to be incapable of the second, and too hooked on Tony Bennett to know what the last one is. Likewise, they all live in warehouse splendor, with Moorish carpets on their bathroom floors and stacks of pillows on their carved oak beds. Plus, they all go rapt with greed when they strike a slot-machine jackpot, they all say that they want to feel rather than think when they can't do either, and they'd all consider themselves unfit parents if they somehow forgot to bring presents back for their young after every junket to San Francisco or Las Vegas. On top of all that, they can't live up to their own self-proclaimed standards: on a big holiday at The Sands, Ted and Alice can't resist the thought of a cross-family orgy, while Bob and Carol can't manage much more than a few timid embraces once they're all in bed. Destroyed, they settle for a trek around the hotel driveway surrounded by a pack of other desert sybarites who bless one another with lost, soulful looks. (A large and very inappropriate debt to Fellini there.)

In other words, in New Suburbia, there aren't any real differences between people. Everyone is everyone else's equal, because everyone's a scruffy, pretentious feckless, minor hypocrite, so banal and so staggeringly ineffectual that he's hardly worth bothering about. But not entirely. There are, not very surprisingly, layers of venality and oafishness. Bob is very tender with his son; Ted takes very nice care of Alice when she's sick and doesn't yell at her when she fails to refill her contraceptive larder; Carol plainly means well; and even shrill-coy Alice probably has some secret virtue that I missed. (What is surprising is that the long scene between Bob and his child is handled so delicately and so intelligently — much more so than the similar scenes between George C. Scott and his children in *Petulia*.)

But all in all, it's the Billy Wilder view of mankind — that we're a slow-witted, grubby gang of bugs, graced by a few decent impulses. Certainly it's a repulsive, craven view of looking at people. Still, given the sort of glossed-up, active, mindlessly grinning treatment that can make almost anything seem funny, a movie as disagreeably pettish as *Bob and Carol and*

Ted and Alice could conceivably work out. As written and directed by Hy Averbach and Paul Mazursky (they used to write for the very much over-rated Second City troop; they also co-wrote the screenplay for *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!*, the freak-the-bourgeoisie sleeper of 1968), it doesn't. Its focus always blurred or distorted or misplaced, the movie jerks on at a redundant, convoluted rate, so that pretty soon it becomes gratingly obvious that every aspect of its supposedly comic picture of human character is really quite nauseating. So much so that there's only one scene that isn't repugnant, that's really funny — that's the long argument between Ted and Alice. Potentially the most terrifyingly snide passage in the movie, it comes off handsomely, thanks to the actors (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon), who plow through it with almost supernatural brio and abandon! But the scene in which Bob finds his wife in bed with a waxy tennis pro isn't so lucky. Neither are any of the big set pieces for that matter. Rambling and cock-eyed, they become embarrassingly vicious, and vicious in a very small, back-handed way. If that's not enough and it is, the blotchy exhausted-looking texture of the color (technicians at Columbia seem to be specializing in it lately) makes it all seem even more unsavory by somehow touching everybody with an extra coating of eye sores. Then again, maybe the color does do some good; with all the tinted vinyl stripped off her, Natalie Wood (Carol) looks almost human. Regardless, her acting is predictably robot-like, give or take a few hints of wit. And as Bob, Robert Culp is dimly mediocre, while Elliott Gould's Ted is too calculatingly lovable, too "cute." But Dyan Cannon's Alice is wonderfully strident and cranky. Which is remarkable, since in the past she's always been the sort of actress who seemed to drink hairspray before every performance.

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"'Coming Apart' does to fleshy romance
what 'Midnight Cowboy' does to friendship!"

—Esquire Magazine

COMING APART

"Miss Kirkland does
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with Rip Torn's left knee
and shinbone, and her nasty,
hysterical crackup is the
most convincing dramatic bit
in the movie!"

— Washington Post

"Extraordinarily Blunt!" — LIFE



COMING APART

Rip Torn / Sally Kirkland / Viveca Lindfors

Written and Directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg Produced by Israel Davis, Andrew J. Kuehn
Music: Jefferson Airplane

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BUT...BUT I CREATED YOU!!!



by LEN BRADFORD

Showing At
Md. Institute
Includes Films of
Anger & Bresson

The showing I saw consisted of three
shorts, and two feature films, one, "Invo-
cation of My Demon Brother" by Kenn-
eth Anger, his first film in two years, and
also Robert Bresson's "Pickpocket," the
longest film shown at these sessions so far.

The first short was the Disney cartoon
classic "Silly Symphony," which most of
us remember from some childhood Satur-
day afternoon matinees. This is the one
with the dancing skeletons, and notable
merely for the special animated effects
obtained.

The second two shorts "Short Shave"
by M. Snow and "Heterodyne" by H.
Frampton I frankly found pretentious
and boring. "Short Shave" dealt with the
same referents to light and dark, trans-
parent and opaque, vision, without add-
ing anything the least whit new. "Hetero-
dyne" offered a pulsating figure in colors,
playing with patterns and afterimage. Af-
ter the first one third of the film my re-
sponse became "alright, so what?" Past
the midpoint I merely ogled the pretty
Institute chicks.

The two features, however, made up
for the poor beginning. Anger's "Invo-
cation of My Demon Brother" is an impres-
sive film, a perfect example of his use of
ritual. The film is in color, a medium Anger
knows well, with the hard crystalline
brightness that is his trademark, lending
urgency to his already compelling image-
ry. The eerie soundtrack by Mick Jagger
played on a Moog synthesizer fully com-
plements the visual image.

The subject of the film is an arcane
ceremony in which the Magus (Anger)
summons Satan (Anton Szander LeVey)
to preside. Interspersed are shots of Viet-
nam, naked boys etc., some of which
seemed extraneous, some fitting - all prob-
ably fitting into Anger's personal schem-
ata.

"The Pickpocket" is an earlier film by
the influential Robert Bresson. It reminds
me of so many French films, "The 400
Blows" and "Last year at Marienbad"
chief among them. French films have a
style of their own - necessitated, of
course, by their attitudes toward time and
mind, within their philosophic framework
of relativity. The film presents to us a com-
pulsive defeated young man who is driven
by a desire to steal, his friend, his dying
mother, her attractive young neighbor,
and the many colorful underworld char-
acters in such films.

His growing sophistication in his trade
and his concurrently growing paranoia,
are part of an idee fixe which is unaffec-
ted by any event, even his mother's death,
or the solicitations of his two friends.
Only with the final separation effected by
his arrest and imprisonment does any hu-
man sentiment appear between himself
and his late mother's neighbor.

The film's constant overlay of repeti-
tion adds a density of pattern rarely seen
in films of other countries.

On Jan. 9, Friday: a showing of class-
ical examples of film-making - Sergei
Eisenstein's "The Old and the New,"
"Eaux D'Artifice" by Kenneth Anger, and
films by Vanderbeek and Jacobs.

Time is between 8 o'clock and 11
o'clock pm at the Mt. Royal Station
Building Auditorium.



NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16

Happy Birthday, Ludwig!!!

Carol Concert at C.C.B. Campus Theater, 11 to 12pm

Concert "Peabody Orchestra" Leo Mueller, conductor, at Peabody concert Hall, 8:30pm

Rock "Light" at Park Plaza, Charles and Madison Sts. 8pm

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17

Lecture "Book-of-the-month" and discussion at Morgan State College Student Union lounge 2pm

Rock - "X" at Park Plaza

Concert - "M.M. Recital" at Peabody Conservatory, 1 East Mt. Vernon Place, 5pm

Concert - "D.M.A. Recital" at Peabody Cons. 6:60pm

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18

Concert - "M.M. Recital" see Dec. 17

Concert - "D.M.A. Recital" see Dec. 17

Folk Concert - "Gregory Kihn" at Westminster Md. College, Westminster, 8pm

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19

Folk - "Bette White" at C.C.B. 8:30pm

Folk - "Michael Hunt" at Coffee Grounds Trinity Church of Brethern, Roland Ave. & Oakdale Road 8:30pm

Folk - "Pat Corbitt" at Whine Cellar, Chesapeake & Highland, Towson 7:30pm

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

Rock "Aux" at Bluesette, 2439 North Charles St. 8pm

Folk - "To Be Announced" Red Dragon, 225 W. 25th St.



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

Rock "Grinn" at Bluesette see Dec. 19

Coffee House Opening - The Seed of Discovery, 256 E. 25th St, 8pm "Jonathan Pearthree", sitar, and others - open every night.

Rock "Circus" at Campfield Teen Center, Campfield Road and Alter St. 8pm

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21

Ballet - "Nutcracker," Lyric Theater 1pm and 5pm

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

Rock - Free concert "Aux" and "Ames Oaks," "Grinn" and "Meat" at Bluesette, 2pm see Dec. 19

Folk "Hoot" Red Dragon 225 W 25th St.

DECEMBER 22 - 23

Rock - "Light" see Dec. 16

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 24

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

THURSDAY DECEMBER 25

Happy Birthday Jesus!!!

Harry Krishnesh Everybody!!!

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

FRIDAY DECEMBER 26

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

Folk "Michael Hunt" Red Dragon

Folk "Bette White" at Coffee Grounds

Folk "Gregory Kihn" at Seed of Discovery coffee house.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 27

Folk "Michael Hunt" at Red Dragon
Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

Folk "Warmth" at Seed of Discovery

SUNDAY DECEMBER 28

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

Folk "Hoot" at Red Dragon

DECEMBER 29 - 30

Rock - "Light" see Dec. 16

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 31

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

Folk "Gregory Omar Kihn" and "Michael Hunt" at Park Plaza

THURSDAY JANUARY 1

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

FRIDAY JANUARY 2

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

Folk "Greg Kihn" at Coffee Grounds

Folk "Jonathan Pearthree" at Seed of Discovery

SATURDAY JANUARY 3

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17

Fold "Bette White" at Seed of Discovery.

SUNDAY JANUARY 4

Rock - "X" see Dec. 17



occult



LECTURE and meditation - Bob Heironimus at Johns Hopkins Levering Hall. Tuesdays, 8pm

MEETING - Theosophical Society, 525 North Charles St. Wednesdays

LECTURE - "Sensitivity Mico-lab" at Aquarian Age Bookstore 811 N. Charles 8pm Wednesdays \$1

HEALING SERVICES - at Mt. Washington Methodist Church, Smith Ave. & Falls Road 10am Thursdays

BABAJI KRIYA YOGA - Yogi S.A.A. Ramaiah at 6311 N. Charles St. 6:30pm Fridays. Donation

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YOGA - Jane Shindler 828-6116

SPIRITUAL FRONTIERS FELLOWSHIP Mr. Henry Hurt, 507 Park Ave., Towson. send for information

OCCULT - Temple of Wisdom Church 323-0990 Daily 7:30pm

HATHA YOGA - Etta Cohen, 486-2427 Daily by appointment

HEALING & ESP - Discussion and Training - Reverend Joe Russel 828-1476, by appointment

ROSICRUCIAN A.M.O.R.C. - O'Donnell Lodge, 137 East North Ave.

hangins'

PAINTINGS by J. Allen Butts at Johns Hopkins University Library, Dec. 7-31

STUDENT ART SALE - at Maryland Institute, Mt. Royal Gallery. Opens Dec. 14 to Jan. 7 9am - 10pm Mon. thru Thur., 9am - 5pm Fri., 9am - 12 noon Sat., 2pm - 6pm Sun. Closed Dec 24 - 28 and Jan. 1 - 4. All proceeds go to the artist.

Exhibit by Charles Palmer, artist, December 20th at Mt. Washington International Airport.



THEATER

celluloid

Experimental Films - Reel World Cinema, Park Plaza, Charles and Madison Sts. 7:30pm \$2.25

Playing - "Coming Apart" - Little Theater, 523 Howard St. 539-7396, X Wed., Dec. 17 - "Icarus' Mother," by Sam Shepard at Corner Theater Cafe, 853 North Howard St. 9pm

Dec. 17 - "Godbye Mr. Chips" - Mayfair Theater, 805 Howard St., 539-7128, G

Dec. 17 - "John & Mary" - Tower Theater, 2 Charles Center, 539-3434, R

Dec. 17 - "Hello Dolly" - New Theater, 202 Park Ave. 727-7108, G

Dec. 19 - "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" - Hippodrome Theater, 12 North Eutaw 539-4775; and Crest Theater, 5425 Reisterstown Rd. 358-5300

Dec. 19 - "Foreign Correspondent" - Essex Community College Rt. 40 North-East of Beltway 8pm

Dec. 25 - "The Arrangement" - Charles Theater, 1711 N. Charles St. 685-7773, R

Dec. 25 - "Cactus Flower" - Reisterstown Plaza, 6512 Reisterstown Rd. 358-6565; Senator Theater, 5904 York Rd., 435-1118, M

humanoid

Dec. 17 - Jan. 10 - "Long Day's Journey into Night," by Eugene O'Neill at Center Stage, 11 East North Ave. Tues., Wed., Thurs. 8:30pm and Sun. 7:30pm - \$4.25 and \$5.75. Sun. 2:00pm \$3 and \$4. 685-5020.

Dec. 19-20 "Wanting" by Wallace Hamilton at Corner Theater Cafe. 853 North Howard St. 9pm

Jan. 2-3 "The Watch-Pit," by Kit Jones at Corner Theater Cafe. 853 North Howard St. 9pm



continuing

Community Supper - Thurs. 6pm at Learning Action Center, 321 E. 25th St., 3rd floor. Bring food to share.

Womens Liberation Meeting - Thurs., 8pm. 3037 Guilford, 2921 St. Paul.

GI Organizing Meeting - 1st and 3rd Wed. 2912 North Calvert, 8pm

Seminar in non-violence - Wed. at Learning Action Center, 321 E. 25th St., 3rd floor, 6pm

Folk dancing - Thurs. at Johns Hopkins. Levering Hall, 8pm \$7.5

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